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PRESS

THE COBLER'S
PROPHECY

1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1914

This reprint of the *Cobler's Prophecy* has been prepared
by A. C. Wood with the assistance of the General
Editor.

Dec. 1914.

W. W. Greg.

The Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entry :

vij^o Iunij [1594]

Entered for his copie vnder thandes of master warden Cawood / Cuthbert
a book intituled / the Coblers prophesie vj^d C / Burbey

[Aiber's Transcript, II. 653.]

The quarto, which appeared dated the same year, was printed for Burbey by John Danter and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by Robert Wilson. Gent.' It is printed in type approximating in body to modern pica (20 ll. = 8 3 mm.). There are copies in the British Museum (wanting sig. E), the Bodleian Library, the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the Dyce collection. Only the British Museum and Pepysian copies have the preliminary leaf (A 1), and only the Dyce copy has the blank leaf at the end (G 4). The British Museum, Bodleian, and Dyce copies have been used in the preparation of this reprint.

Of Robert Wilson very little is known. There seems to have been more than one person of the name connected with the stage. A Robert Wilson, who gained a great reputation as a comic actor, was an original member of the Earl of Leicester's company in 1574 and of the Queen's in 1583. A Robert Wilson also appears repeatedly in Henslowe's Diary as writing for the Lord Admiral's company from 1598 to 1600. The latter is probably the Wilson who is mentioned by Meres in 1598 as among the best poets for comedy, for his name appears in close conjunction with others who wrote for Henslowe. This Wilson can hardly be the same as the actor,

since, in his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, Thomas Heywood, whose connexion with the stage began at latest in 1596, mentions Wilson among the older generation of actors who flourished before his time. It is disputed which of the two was the 'Robert Wilson, yoman (a player)' buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, on 20 November 1600, but there seems to be no evidence that the second was an actor as well as an author.

It is of course the elder Wilson to whom the ascription on the title-page of the present play must be taken to apply, since the style of the composition is certainly that of an earlier period. The only surviving work in which Henslowe's writer had a hand, *Sir John Oldcastle*, is of a much more modern type. It must also be the elder Wilson who is mentioned by Lodge in his *Defence of Poetry, Musick and Stage Plays*, published in 1580, as the author of a play on Catiline's Conspiracy, 'a peece surely worthy prayse, the practice of a good scholler,' but now lost.

Thanks are due to Mr. Gaselee, the Pepysian Librarian, for information concerning the copy in his keeping.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL AND IRREGULAR READINGS.

10 Plenties rich] so <i>Dyce</i> :	400 mee?
Plentie rich <i>B.M.</i> ,	446 allthat
• <i>Bodl.</i>	463 <i>Mil.</i>
11 sheaues.	486 I war-(rant)] <i>Iwar-B.M.</i> :
40 th'effectuall	Iwar- <i>Bodl.</i> , <i>Dyce</i> .
65 condemnatiō	502 certaine
69-70] not indented	506 Mocs
69 z	513 <i>Eicho.</i>
saterday	548 Ladies why] there is a considerable space be- tween these words in the original
71 thou. (substitute for whore.?)	558 Cleo:
72 out	I
86 And] possibly And	562 C odri,
110 keepe,	570 Cleo:
120 Mar:	595 rrim,
124 c.w. <i>Raph.</i>] so <i>Bodl.</i> ,	599 first
<i>Dyce</i> : <i>R ph. B.M.</i>	619 finke,
125 Prophet speaker?] possi- bly Prophetspeaker?	622 c.w. VVhy
128 odds.] so <i>Bodl.</i> : Gods.	644 voice:
<i>B.M.</i> , <i>Dyce</i> .	649] indented
157 thon	653, 656 Ch:
158 pace] read place and cf. l.	659 andscornd,
950	662 voices,
194 prophe tation,	675 awhole
217 exelence.	688 somuch
231 Soul:] read <i>Cont</i> and cf.	766 noth ing
l. 230 c.w.	780-1] indented
250 Prophesie.] a space before	806 woondious
the point, possibly read	816 fit.
Prophesies.	827 Munnerie?
251 iudgemeets	831 Husbandmands,
301 taskes	840 prouide] read prouided
309] indented	844 prouided] read prouide
before] possibly before	846 come,
375 exelent:	849 th
377 isicarfe	859 behod.
378 afat	866 hap
384 Countr] possibly read	870 see,
Cour. and ct. l. 385	873 Sat
398 Little] first t doubtful	

879] not indented	1301] indented *
897 the mercie] possibly themercie	1306 Eueunt.
905, inough:	1307 Schollcr,
907 right,	1331] not indented
918 Boetria,	wife
923 fake.] possibly fake,	1334-5] stage directions in roman type
926 Rabb.	1338 D#,
929 my in wariant?	1368 not] a mark after this word (clearest in Bodl.) is probably accidental as it seems to be outside the measure
949 thon	1373 Boetria,
960 hangrie	1384 speed,
969 souldiet.	1395 Boetria
970 c.w. VVhy	1402 Boetrias
976 Loue,	1403 Sat;
983 vnkinde,	1422 ye minde,] read ye to minde,?
989-90] indented	1443 c.w. Bu
1010 loue	1447 alife
1025 Fife.] possibly Fife,	1449] in roman type
1063 lighnes,	1469 Sat,
1069 Contempt.	1480 uumber.
1073 Cobler,	1485 Sound drums,] in roman type
1088] not indented	1488 Cont,
1126 Exit	1500] in roman type
1127 Entr	1510] no c.w.
1130 estate.	1529 abiects
1151 noble	1536 Spitting] first t doubtful
1171 trecherie,	1538 abhord,
1205 hoth	1598 Boetria
1216 Boetria,	1617 Afrefsh] possibly A fresh
1224 chap'lin,	1621, 1626 Boetria.
1240 exilde,	1634 Boetrian
c.w. And] no doubt a line is omitted	sig. F 2 misprinted I 2
1241 Ay me] possibly Ayme	sigs. F 2 and F 3, running title
1260 godmothers,] s doubtful	Coblers
1261 Oodfather	
1263 Boetria	
1268 Mar] read Mer.	
1280 hatch] possibly h atch	

As a rule there is a colon after speakers' names, whether these are abbreviated or not, but this is very frequently omitted in the case of *Raph.* Where a semi-colon has been substituted for the

colon it is noted in the above list. A full stop sometimes appears in place of a query-mark at the end of interrogative sentences. A lower case 'w' is often found at the beginning of verse lines and even of speeches. In the running title the spellings *Propheſie* and *Prophecie* appear promiscuously.

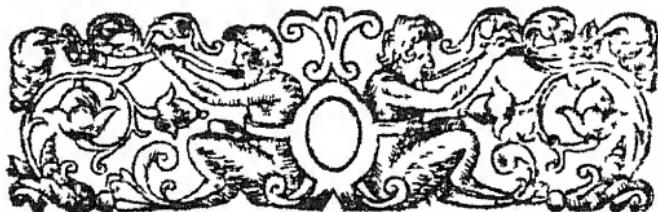
The only certain instance of variation between copies is that in l. 128, where the Bodleian copy offers the corrected text. The instances in ll. 10, 124 c.w., 486 may all be due to imperfect locking of the type. Note that the initials in the ornament on A 3 recto have not printed properly in the British Museum copy, from which the collotype plates have been made. The block used in the reprint is from the Bodleian copy, which agrees in this detail with that in the Dyce collection. No initials appear in the similar ornament on the title-page.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

CERES.	CODRUS.
MERCURY.	a Porter of Mars'.
RAPH COBLER.	a Herald.
ZELOTA, his wife.	VENUS.
SATEROS, a soldier.	MARS.
CONTEMPT, alias Content.	FOLLY.
a Country Gentleman.	NEWFANGLE.
a Scholar.	a Duke.
EMNIUS, a courtier.	RU } waiting maids to Venus.
THALIA	INA }
CLIO	three Muses.
MELPOMINE	a Messenger to the Duke.
CHARON.	a Prisoner.
	a Priest.

Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Bacchus, Vulcan, Diana, Niceness, Dalience, Jealousy, the infant Ruina, and the Duke's daughter.
N.B.—In l. 1362 and subsequently Emnius is called Ennius.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Written by Robert Wilson. Gen.



Printed at London by John Danter for Cuthbert
Burbie: and are to be sold at his shop neare
the Royall-Exchange.

1594.



THE COBLES Prophesie.

*Enter Jupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo after
him, Bacchus, Vulcan, Juno, and after all Diana with
her Lands: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie fratre and
Ceres from another meete.*

C E R E S.

Cresh Mayes sonne, fine wicrafts greatest God,
Herald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou wist, why these celestiall powers
Are thus assembled in Bocotia.

*Acerwate: Plente rich Queene, cheerer of fainting loue,
Vulcane Altars are adoride with ripend sheaves,
Know that securitie chefe nurse of sunne,
Hath bred content in all Bocotia.
The old are scorned of the wantony ong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts is my purci face,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods.*

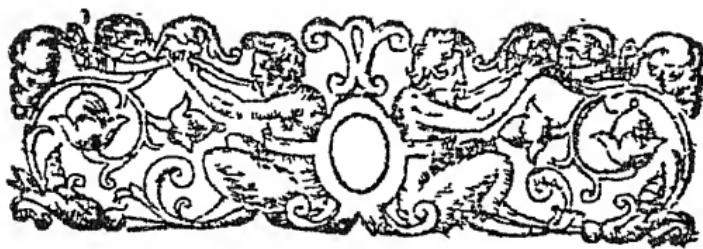
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1594



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

*Enter Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after sc. 1
him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana wringing
her hands: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie from one
end Ceres from another meete.*

C E R E S.

Fresh Mayas sonne, fine witcrafts greatest God,
Herrald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou wist, why these celestiall powers
Are thus assembled in Boetia.

Mercurie Plenties rich Queene, cheerer of fainting souls, 10
VWhose Altars are adornde with ripend sheaues.
Know that securitie chiefe nurse of finne,
Hath bred contempt in all Boetia.
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods.

The Coblers Propheſie.

Heauen is long ſuffring, and eternall Powers
Are full of pitie to peruerfet men:
which made the awful Ruler of the rest,
Summon this meeting of the heauenly States :
The first was Iupiter, Iuno with him,
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,
His Harnefſe is conuerted to ſoft filke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
That scandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,
The laſt poore Cynthia making woful mone,
That ſhe is left ſweete virgin poſt alone.
I am but messenger, and muſt not denounce
Til the high ſenate of the Gods decree it,
But ſacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen ſhall Venus vaunt but little time.

Ceres: So pleafde it mighty Ioue the doome were iuft,
Amongſt that holy traine what needs there luſt

Mercurie: I ſee a ſort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with wauing of his rod,
And holy ſpells inioines to fit and ſee,
th'effectuall working of a Propheſie.

Ceres: And Ceres ſheds her ſweeteſt ſwetes in plentie,

Craft Comfets.

That while ye ſtay their pleaſure may content ye.
Now doo I leaue thee Mercury, and will in to take my place,
Doo what thou canſt in wanton luſts diſgrace.

Mercurie: Ceres I will, and now I am alone
will I aduife me of a messenger
That will not faint: will not ſaid I?
Nay shall not faint ſent forth by Mercurie.
I am reſolud, the next I meeete with be it he or ſhe,
To doo this meffage ſhall be ſent by me.

Enter Raph Cobler with his ſtoole, his implements and ſhoes,
and

The Coblers Propheſie.

and ſitting on his ſtoole, falls to ſing,

Hey downe downe a downe a downe,

hey downe downe a downe a,

Our beauty is the braueſt Laffe in all the towne a:

For beauties ſweete fake, I ſleepe when I ſhould wake,

ſhee is ſo nut browhe a.

Her cheekeſ ſo red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,

So that I cannot chooſe in cobling of my ſhooeſ,

60

but ſing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within. (your falſion.

Zelota: Go too Raph youle ſtill be ſinging loue ſongs its

Raph: Content your ſelfe wife, tis my own recantation,
No loue ſong neither, but a carrol in beauties condeſnatō

Ze: well year beſt leaue ſinging and fall to work by & by
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie. (way.

R: And you were beſt leaue your ſcolding to, & get you a-

z: And I come to you Raph, Ile courſe ye as I did a ſaterday

R: Courſe me ſnowns, I would thou durſt come out of dore, 70
And thou doſt Ile knock thee on the head thou arrant thou.
was not this luſtily ſpoken? I warrant ſhe dare not come out

Enter Zelota.

Ze: Ile ſee what yeele doo, where are yee goodman Lout?

He creeps under the ſtoole.

Ra: O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the ſtoole.

Ze: wheres this prating Aſſe, this dizzardly foole.

Mer: why here I am Dame, lets ſee what thou canſt ſay,
Beſtirre your Diftaffe, doo the worſt ye may.

Ze: Alas that euer I was borne to ſee this fight,
My Raph is transformed to a wicked ſpright.

Ra: Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the ſtoole.

Mer: Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.
I am a ſprite indeede, a fiend which will purſue thee ſtill,
Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.
And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,
I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,
Thou henceforth ſhalt be mad:

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And neuer shall thy foolish braine cut off this franticke fit,
Till with thy hand vnwillinglie thou murder doe commit. 90

He charmes her with his rod.

Rap. Nay she is mad enough alreadie,
For she will doe nothing with me but fight,
And ye make hir more mad, shele kill me out right.

Zel. Make me mad Raph, no faith Raph,
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be goffippe,
The childe shall not be christned to night.
Goe to the back-houſe for the boy,
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.
Ile buy no plumme porredge,
Ile not be made ſuch a mome.

And because thou haſt a fine rod Raph,
Ile looke in thy purſe by and by:
And if thou haue any money in it,
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c

*Here ſhe runnes about the ſtage ſnatching at euerie thing
ſhee ſees.*

Raph. Out of doubt ſhe is mad indeed,
See what a coyle ſhe doth keepe,

Mer. Raph ſhe shall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her
faſt a ſleepe.

Zel. Come Raph, lets goe ſleepe, for thou muſt mend
Queene Guiniuers ſhooes to morrow.
I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

Exit.

Mer. So ſleepe thy fill, now Raph come forth to mee.

Raph. Come forth quoth he marrie God bleſſe vs.

Now you haue made my wife mad what ſhal become of me?

Mar. Feare not come forth, I meane no hurt to thee.

Rap. VWell Ile truſt you for once, what ſay yee. (bed

Mer. Raph hie thee home, & thou ſhalt finde vpon thy
Attire that for a prophets ſute ſhal ſtand thee in good ſtead
A prophet thou muſt be and leaue thy worke a while.

Raph.

100

110

120

The Coblers Prophecie

Raph A Prophet speaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle
What are you, I pray?

Mer: I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods.

Raph And I am Raph Cobler, twixt vs there is some odds.
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you retoritie
To take a free man of his companie,
And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,
And when ye set him a worke give him nothing for his labor.

130

Mer: I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.
Ile please thee well, I pre thee Raph sit downe.

Raph Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.

Mer: We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.

He charmes him with his rod asleepe.

Not farre hence standeth Mars his Court,
to whom thus see thou say,

Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,

140

that wontst to croe by day,

And with thy sharppned spurres

the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay:

Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,

and make thy fetheres gay:

A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,

shall stille thee betray,

And tread thy Hen, and for a time

shall carrie her away.

And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,

this Countrey to decay.

150

And for this pretie Pullets name

thou shalt the better learne:

When thou shalt onelie letters fise

within one name discerne,

Three vowels and two consonants,

vwhich vovvels if thou scan,

Doth found that vwhich to euerie pace

conducteth euerie man.

B

Then

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thatts the bastards name.*

*Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.*

Now Raph awake, for I haue done
the taske for which I came.

Exit.

Raph stretches himselfe, and wakes.

Raph Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,
for I haue slept soundly :

And ~~ree~~ thought in my sleep this was God Markedy,
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.

Aboue me thought I saw God Shebiter,
that marlously did frowne,

VVith a dart of fier in his hand
readie to throw it downe

Below me thought there were false knaues
walking like honest men verie craftely :

And few or none could be plainly seene
to thriue in the world by honestie.

Me thought I saw one that was wondrous fat,

Picke two mens purses while they were striuing for a gnat.

And some that dwelt in streetes were large and faire,
Kept backe shops to vtter their baddest ware.

VVhat meddle I with trades? Men masters and maids,
Yea and wiues too and all are too too bad,

Be iudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till she ran mad.
But O the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,

And ran away from the takers tallants.

The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,

For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill.

And with the stroke a Butcher gaue an oxe

that lowd bellowing did make,

I lost sight of all the other trickes,

and so sodainly did wake

But now must Raph trudge about his prophe tation,

Faith ye shall heare me troll it out after my fashion.

Exit.

Enter

160

170

180

190

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Enter Sageros a souldier, and Contempt naming
himselfe Content.*

Sc. 11

Sat. Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,
Against the Perſian and the Afſian Powers:
The cole-blacke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my loſſe of blood
My ſcarres are witnes of my hard escapes:
My wrinckles in my face (made old by care,
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chiefest prime)
Are glaſſes of my grieſe, lights of my languor,
That liue diſgracde, and haue deferued honor

200

Cont: I am the admiredſt in Boeotia,
By honoring me thou ſhalt obtaine preferment.

Sat: Vnto the Gods and Prince doo ſouldiers honor,
And wert thou one of theſe, I would adore thee.

210

Cont. I am of power more than all the Gods
To ſit and rule the harts of all degrees.
They haue in me content, as thou ſhalt fee
A preſent inſtance in theſe entring men

*Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and
a Countrey Gentleman.*

Contr: Haile to Contents diuineſt exelence.

Schol: Content our sweeteſt good, we doo ſalute thee.

Cour: Though laſt I am not leaſt in duteous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.

220

Schol: But if ye knew his name wer Olygons, which ſignifieth
Contempt, you would not miſtake him, and name him Content.

Cont: O Maſ ſcholler be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the diſcourse intended at our laſt meeting: and in that con-
ference this Gentleman a ſouldier, I preſume will make one.

Cour: Being a ſoldier, his compagnie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our compagnie.

Sat: I thanke you ſir.

230

3 *The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Enter Sageros a souldier, and Contempt naming
himselfe Content.*

Sc. ii

Sat: Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,
Against the Persian and the Afian Powers :
The cole-blacke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood
My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes :
My wrinkles in my face (made old by care,
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chiefest prime)
Are glaases of my griefe, lights of my languor,
That liue disgracde, and haue deserued honor.

200

Cont: I am the admiredst in Bœotia,
By honoring me thou shalt obtaine preferment.

Sat: Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,
And wert thou one of these, I would adore thee.

210

Cont: I am of power more than all the Gods
To fit and rule the harts of all degrees
They haue in me content, as thou shalt see
A present instance in these entring men

*Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and
a Countrey Gentleman.*

Contr: Haile to Contents diuineſt exelence.

Schol: Content our sweetest good, we doo salute thee.

Cour: Though last I am not leaſt in duteous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.

220

Schol: But if ye knew his name wer *Olygoros*, which signifieth
Contempt, you would not mistake him, and name him Content.

Cont: O Mas scholler be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the discourse intended at our last meeting: and in that con-
ference this Gentleman a souldier, I presume will make one.

Cour: Being a soldier, his companie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

Sat: I thanke you fir.

230

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Though the Courtier speake him faire, in hart I knowe he discaimes him for his bace apparell: wherein he obserues one principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

Schol: To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

Soul: I kindly thanke you sir.

Enter Raph.

Raph Sir: what sir, or what stir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Panem nostrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye would of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

Cont: As thou art.

Raph As I am? No ye little goofecap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and sent me of a mes sage to the blundring God of the thundring warre, to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars: twill come nere your nose little God I can tell ye.

Cont. Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gentlemen dispute.

Raph VVill they spout? whereon?

Cont: He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph And I of Prophesie.

Cont: No, thou and I will sit still, and giue our iudgemeets of this controuerfie.

Raph VWell content, but Ile speake my minde when I list, that's flat.

Cont: Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you please begin.

Emm: First I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one good of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboue all other happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attend futers, praying, paying, and promisifg more, than either sometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times expect.

Raph Thats true, for I was a futer three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promist more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

Emm: At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Cour tier is in braue account? or to the heauenly fellowship of diuine est

240

250

260

est beautie, and sweete confort of louely Ladies, who bu the Courtier is called? while the Scholler fits all day inuenting iyllogismes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare souldier here carrowing among his prating com- 270
panions.

Soul: Why a souldier of desert (as with no other doo I confort) can be no leſſe than a Gentleman, and ſome Courtiers are ſcarce ſo much. Desert I denie not is oft preferd, but oftner flattrie. Because I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable: but in this plaine ſute haue I been, where you dare not with all your filkes.

Emm: VVhy I haue been where thou dareſt not come.

Soul: I thatſ in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

Raph A word with ye Mas ſouldier. 280

Soul: Now fir.

Raph Tis cauſe the Mercer will not truſt ye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a ſconce for ye, youle neuer out till you bee torne or fired out.

Soul: How ere deſpised, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Persia at Marathon, I reſcued the colores of Boeotia. I haue had hony words and ſome reward, too little to beſtow among my maimed ſouldiers. ſouldiers obſerue lawes, therein appeares their iuſtice, at leaſt equalling the ſcholler: bring Princes to thraldom, then triumphing ouer cour- 290 tiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the moſt they excell the Countrey Gentleman. In briefe, they are the ſwords of heauen to puniſh: the ſalue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number beeing not the meanest, I thinke my ſelfe nothing inferiour to anie of theſe Gentlemen.

Raph But thou haſt made manie a Cocke a cuckold by ſtealing away his Hen.

Countr: Nay my life excelleth all, I in the Countrey liue a King, my Tenaunts (as vaffailes) are at my will commaunded: fearfuller I know they are to diſplease mee, than diuers of you 300 Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come there anie taskes to bee leuied, I tuch not mine owne ſtore, for on them I take it: and I

The Coblers Prophecie.

may say to you with some surpluſage: my wood they bring
me home, my hay and corne in haruest: their cattell, ſeruants,
fonnes, and felues, are at my commaund.

Schol: O zure, quaque iniuria.

Raph Nay and you ſpeake Latin, reach me my laſte.
Harke ye mas Scholler, harke ye.

The time ſhall come not long before the doome,
That in deſpite of Roome, 310
Latin ſhall lacke,
And Greeke ſhall beg with a wallet at his backe.
For all are not ſober that goes in blacke
Goe too ſcholler, theres a learning for your knacke

Contr: At my liſt can I rack their rents, ſet them to fines, bind
them to forfets, force them to what I pleafe. If I build, they bee
my labourers: if bargaine, on them I build: and for my good
looke they are content to endure any trauell.

Raph But for all this ill and wrong,

Marke the Coblers ſong.

The hie hill and the deepe ditch,
VVhich ye digd to make your felues rich,
The chimnies ſo manie, and almes not anie,
The widowes wofull cries,
And babes in ſtreete that lies,
The bitter ſweate and paine
That tenants poore ſuftaine,
Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine,
When burning fire ſhall raine,
And fill with botch and blaine 320
The finew and each vaine.
Then theſe poore that crie,
Being lifted vp on hie,
VVhen you are all forlorne,
Shall laugh you lowd to ſcorne.
Then where will be the ſchollers allegories,
VVhere the Lawier with his dilatoryes,
VVhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

The Coblers Prophesie.

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie.

Bethinke me can I no where els,

But in hell where Diues dwels.

But I see ye care not yet,

And thinke these words for me vnfitt,

And gesse I speake for lacke of wit:

Stand aside, stand aside, for I am disposed to spit.

Cont: Be quiet Cobler, lets heare the Scholler speake.

Raph I giue him retoritie: to it.

Schol: VVhat the Courtier dreamingly posseffes, the Goun-
trey Gentleman with curffes, and the Souldiour with cares: I
quietly enjoy without controll. In my studie I contemplate 350
what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thou-
sands doo with pikes, I strike him that fees me not.

Raph I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come
behinde one.

Schol: I see the height of heauen

Raph But thou makest no haft thither.

Schol: I view the depth of hell

Raph Is there anie roome in hell for curst wiues and Coblers
shops.

Scholler: Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my 360
companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce at-
tendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende
on mee. I posseffe pleasure more than mortall, and my con-
templation is onely of the life immortall.

Courtier: But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the
Court Scholler, and not be curios of the meanes, for all your
coyneffe.

Scholl: I will not acquaint you fir with my intent, for they
are fooles that in secret affaires are too familiar, know this, that
I intend to awaite occasion.

Soldier. Faith Master Scholler yet it stands not with your
protestation.

Countrie Gentleman: Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt
after your rude fashion.

Soldier:

The Coblers Propheſie

Soul. Alas fir, you must needs be exelent: for Piers & Plaine
your poore tenants pray for ye: their bread and cheese is feldom
denied to anie, when your fmall beere isfcarfe common to fna-
nie. You know what wil be made of a fat oxe as well as the Gra-
fier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as
well as the Stapler.

Countr. VVhat hath any man to doe what I doe with mine
owne?

S. I alls thine owne that comes in thy hands

Countr. Sir you would make enough of it in yours to.

Soul. I master Courtier, thatts to deale as you doe.

Schol. This fouldier is as rough as if he were in the field.

Soul. VVhere you would be as tame

Cont. Has a proud hart though a beggers habit.

Soul. VVhere I frequent this habit ferues my turne: and as
goodly a fight were it to see you there in your filkes, as the schol-
ler skirmishing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman ri-
ding on a fat Oxe with a mole spade on his necke.

Raph. VVhat, riding running, brauning, bralling,
I see ye passe not for a Prophets calling:

Therefore I will not bee fo mad,

To cast Pearles to swine fo bad

Cont. Prethee Raph stay a little.

Raph. Little little seeing God, I shall see you in a spittle. *Ex.*

Con. Your disputation being done Gentlemen, which hath
highly contented mee? what will ye now doo?

Emm. Marry we will all to the eightene pence Ordinary, how
say ye Gentlemen?

Countr. No fir, not I, tis too deere by my faith.

Schol. VVhy you shall be my guest for this once. How faye
you master fouldier?

Soul. No fir I must turne one of your meales into three.
And euerie one a sufficient banquet for me.

Cour. Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yee
should haue bin my guest, for your talke would haue ferud well
for the table.

Soul.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul. Thats a practise of thine owne arte: it makes thy companie borne withall, where otherwise thou wert no fit guest, for tales at some tables are as good as testerns

Cour. Nay then I perceiue yee grow chollericke, come sirs
They proffer to goe in

Cont. VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God

All three. Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our felues dutifull

Con. Tis enough, fare yee well.

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.

420

Contempt. Now souldier, what wilt thou doe?

Sould. Faith fir as I may.

Cont. VVilt thou serue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou shalt not want.

Sould. No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler said, I abhorre and defie thee.

Con. Euen as the child doth wormeseed hid in Raifons, which of it selfe he cannot brooke: so thou canst not abide my name, but louest my nature: for proofe, wanting liuing raylst on the Ci-
ty, greeuest at the country, yea grudgest at the King himselfe: 430 thou faist thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a suplication for bettring thy estate, and how, by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge, all which thou esteemeſt not off, so thy owne want be supplied.

Sould. Contempt herein thou reaſoneſt like thy ſelfe,
Base minded men I know there are in field,
That doe delight in murder, rape and blood,
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,
And eniuious snakes among the fleeting fish:

But for the noble ſouldier, he is iuft

To punniſh wrongs, protect the innocent,
VVeaken the tyrant, and confirme the right,
VVant cannot make him basely mutinous,
VVealth cannot make him proudly iſſolent,
In honourable thoughts dwell his content,
And he is foe to allthat loue contempſt.

C

Cont.

440

The Coblers Prophecie.

Contempt. Then Sateros thou art no mate for mee.

Exit

Souldier. No, Vpstare scorners are fit flaues for thee.

Exit.

Enter Clio, Melpomine, and Thalia: Clio with a penknife, Sc. iii
Melpomine being idle, Thalia writing.

Thalia. Clio a pen.

451

Clio. Both pen and quill I misse.

Thalia. One Estridge penne yet in my penner is,
Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

Melpomine: The feathers of a gluttonous bird shew what the
wearers be.

Thalia: Melpomine lend me a pen.

Melpom. Mine pierce too hard for your writing

Enter Raph Cobler.

Thalia. Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond foolish men.

460

Raph Foole? no foole neither though none of the wifest Dame,
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.

Mil: Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?

Raph: Raph Cob.

Clio. Ier, speake out.

Raph. Ye ha it yfaith.

Thal. A pen a pen in haft,

That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

Raph. Comes there a Pageant by, Ile stand out of the greene
mens way for burning my vestment.

470

Thal. A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me stay.

Clio: Make shifft a while you shall haue this straight way.

Raph: If I had a pen as I haue none,

For I vse no such toole,

Thou shouldest haue none an it,

For at my first comming thou caldst me foole.

Tha. A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.

Clio: Hold theres thy pen.

Raph:

Raph. But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you
make pens so fast, trow we.

480

Enter souldzer.

Chlo. O fisters shift, we are betraid,
Another man I see

Souldier A silly man at your commaund,
Be not afraid of me

Raph No, no, tis the fouldier, heele doo yee no hurt I war-
rant yee

Melpom. To see a man come in this place,
It is so strangle to vs,
As we are to be held excusde,
That are amazed thus
But art thou a souldier ?

490

Sould. Yea Lady.

Mel. The better welcome vnto me

Tha. Not so to me.

Raph. And what am I ?

Tha. Be whist a while, Ile tell thee by and by

Raph. Thats some mends yet for calling of me foole

Sould. Thanks Ladies for your curtefies, but the fight of three
such Goddeffes on the sodaime, hath driuen mee into certaine 500
muses.

Eccho. certaine muses.

Soul. Especialy being alone so sollitarie in this wood.

Eccho. In this wood

Raph. Harke souldier some body mocks thee.

Eccho. Mocs thee.

Raph. Mocks me much.

Eccho. Much.

Soul. Hold thy peace good Raph.

Eccho. Good Raph.

Raph. Raph, that's my name indeede,
But how shall I call thee ?

510

Eicho. I call thee

Raph. Dost thou: Mas and Ile come to thee, and

I

The Coblers Prophecie.

I knew where thou art.

Ecccho: Thou art.

Raph: Art: faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part.

Ecccho Part

Raph: Part: Ile come.

520

Ecccho: Come.

Raph: Faith and I will, haue at thee.

Exit.

Mel: Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled our talke: and this artificiall eccho, hath told thee what we are: certaine muses dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many more as we be here

Sould: Your names good Ladies?

Melp: Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

Sould: Might I without offence intreate three things,
I should be greatly bound.

Melp: VVe will not denie thee three things, that can participate to thee thousands

Sould: First would I request of this Ladie, whether she write with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.

Tha: Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose: the men which now doe minister me matter to write, are nere of the nature of the Estridge: who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the head of a beast: she is greedy, deuouring and digesting al things, and builds hir nest in sand: so are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to imagine beastly thinges on earth: downe to the which their Cammels necks doe draw their verie noses: greedy are they deuouring the Orphanes right, and digesting the widdowes wrongs, Foolish, forgetful and froward, building their nest on sand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, demand the rest.

So: Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle,
and let Thalia take the paine.

Mel: On geeres and geests the world is onely set,

550
For

‘‘ The Coblers Propheſie. .

For me there is no worke no tragicke ſcene,
Battailes are done, the people liue in reſt,
They ſhed no teares but are ſecure paſt meane

Sould. VVhy lend you not Thalia then ſome pens?

Mel. My pens are too too ſharpe to fit hir ſtile.

I ſhall haue time to vſe them in a while

Sould. But gentle Clio, me thinks your inke is dry.

Cleo. It may be well, I haue done writing I,

Sould. VVhat did you register when you did write?

Clio. The works of famous Kings, and ſacred Priests,
The honourable Acts of leaders braue,

560

The deeds of C odri, and Horatij.

The loue Licurgus bore to Spartans ſtate,

The liues of auncient Sages and their ſawes,

Their memorabla works, their worthy lawes.

Now there is no ſuch thing for to indite

But toyes, that fits Thalia for to write

Sould. A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,
Are there no worthie things to write as were of old.

Cleo. Yes diuers Princes make good lawes,

570

But moft men ouer ſlip them.

And diuers dying giue good gifts,

But their executors nip them

Mel. Tisiphone is ſtepping to the ſtage, and ſhe hath ſworne
to whip them

Sou. The third and laſt thing I require is if you can:
Shew me the mightie Mars his court.

Mel. VValke hence a flight ſhoot vp the hill,
And thou ſhalt ſee his caſtle wall.

Soul. Ladies the gifts that I can giue,
Is humbly thrice to thanke you all.

Exit.

580

Mel. Farewell pore ſouldier.

Clio. Thalia now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you
cald for pens euen now ſo haſtely, to end?

Tha. Twas thus: *You know the Gods long ſince ſent downe,*
Pleasure from heauen to comfort men on earth,

The Coblers Propheſie

Pleasure abuzde in country Court and towne,
By ſpeeches, gestures, and diſhonest mirth,
Made humble ſute that he to heauen might paſſe
Againe, from world where he ſo wronged was. 590
His ſute obtaind, and ready he to clime,
Sorrow comes ſneaking and performs his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer ſince that time,
Tis paine that miſſakes diſguife in pleafures weede.
The Pageant's thus, with coſt and cunning rrim,
That worldlings welcome Paine in ſteede of him
Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this ſhould goe,
Because I ſmile to ſee for weale, how ſweetly men ſwill woe.

Melpo. Woe is the firſt word I muſt write, beginning where
you end 600

I haue incke inough and pens good ſtore.

Chlo. Perhaps the world will mend

Mel. I would it would

Chlo. VVhy if it ſhould you faile in your account

Thalia. Then you perhaps will haue ſome worke.

Chlo. Tush come lets mount the Mount. *Exeunt.*

Enter Raph Cobler whooping.

Sc iv

Ra. VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body
ſee the mocking ſprite, I am ſure I haue followed her vp and
downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarſe 610
againe. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath
knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it ſprungit, Ile call
againe to haue a fight. Ya ha how: Nay Ile call againe.

Enter Charon.

Charon. Againe, I and againe too, I trow,
VVhat night and day no reſt but row?
Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,
For if thou ſtay a while I thinke,
There will come ſo many my boate will finke,

Ra. Ouer ſtix I and ouer ſtones,
Heres a queſtion for the nonce,
VVhy what art thou I pray thee tell?

620

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

C. VVhy Charon Ferriman of hell

Ra. VVhy what a diuel doo I with thee?

Three or fourre bothe: A boate, a boate, a boate

C. Härke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell
with mee.

A small voice. A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra. This should bee the voice of a woman, comes women
thither too 630

C. why men & women euery houre, I know not what to do.

A great voice. A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra: This should be the voice of some great man.

C. VVhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Judges more than
I number can,

But the couetous misers they fret me to the gall,
I thinke they bring their money to hell,
For they way the diuel and all

Ra. Mas and may well be, for theres little money stirring on
the earth 640

A voice haftilize: Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for
thy hire.

C. VVhy what art thou that makst such haft?

voice: The Ghost of a gray Frier.

So troubled with Nunnes as never Frier was,
Therefore good Charon let me be first,
That ouer the Foord shall pas.

C. Come firra, thou hearst what a calling they keep wilt thou
goe?

Ra. VVhy Charon this calling makes thee mad I geffe, 650
VVhy I am no spirite but liuing Raph,
And God Markedie sends me of busines.

Ch: Tush, if thou be sent of God, we cannot hold thee farewell.

Enter Codrus.

Codr Yet gentle Charon carrie mee?

Ch: Thee? VVhy what art thou, that liuing fuest to go to hell?

Codrus The wretchedst man of wretches moft that in this
wretched world doth dwell:

Dispisde,

The Coblers Propheſie.

Dispite, diſdaine, starude, whipt andſcornd,
Preſt through diſpaire my ſelue to quell,

I therefore couet to behold if greater torment be in hell:

660

All the voices, A bote, a bote, a bole.

Cha. I come, I come

Rap. Nay I prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

Cha. Codrus I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wiſh thee wel,
Theres ſcarcely roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.

But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall
That parted hel and purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:

Because I ſee as thou art pore thou art impatient,

670

To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ile be content.

And now the time will not bee long, for thers commiſſion gone
For workemē, that haue power to make Elysium & Limbo one,
And there are ſhipwrights ſent for too, to build me vp a bigger
A bote ſaid I? nay awhole hulke:

(bote,

And that the ſame may ſafely flote,

Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton

Shal al be digged into Styx:

For where one wont to come to hell,

I tel thee now comes fiue or ſixe.

680

For ignorance that wont to be,

Is wilful blindnes now become.

So thou muſt come when roome is made,

I tel thee yet there is no roome

Raph. I prethee tel me one thing

Ch. That I wil Raph whats the matter?

Rap. Charon why doth thy face looke ſo black, and thou vſe
ſomuch the water?

Cha. O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,
I cannot wash it off. Codrus farewell

690

Co. Charon Adieu.

Exit.

Ra. Boteſman?

Ch. Hagh

Exit.

Ra. Theres a ſcoffe, thatſ a waterman indeed.

VVell

VWell I must to God Mars for all this,
I would I could meete my fouldier agen.

Exit.

Enter Emnius Courtier solus

Sc. v

Emn: Euen as the Eagle soares against the funne,
And spite of Phœbus shine, pries in his face :
Euen as the swordfish meetes the mighty VWhale,
And puts the hugie monster to disgrace,

700

So Emnius thoughts intending to aspire
Sore against the funne, and fleete in wrathfull yre :
The Duke the funne that dazles Emnius eyes,
The Duke the hugie VWhale that ouer-beares mee,
But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,
And play the swordfish though he little feares mee.

710

The leſſe suspected ſooner ſhall I ſtrike him,
And this my reaſon is for I miſlike him.
His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,
But I diſdaine her were ſhee fairer farre :
Tush tis for rule I caſt and Princely throne,
The ſtate of Prince, brighter than brighteſt starre.

And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke ?
And therefore who ſhould periſh but the Duke ?
Shortly a ſolemne hunting he entendes,
And who but I is put in chiefeſt truſt ?
VWell Ile be truſtie if my Piſtol hold,
In loue and kingdomes *Ioue* will prooue vniuſt.

720

He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,
And ſo ſhall winne a Crowne by one mans flaſhter.
Suppoſe he haue beene kinde, liberall and free,
VWhy I confeſſe it, but its my deſire,
To be as able to beſtow as hee,
And till I can my hart conſumes in fire.

O foueraigne glory, chiefeſt earthly good,
A Crowne to which who would not wade through blood.
Then ruthles of his life doo I reſolute,

The Coblers Prophecie.

To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Emnius raigne,
VVere he my father or a dearer friend.

730

Teares shall not hinder, praiers shall not intreate mee,
But in his throne by blood I foone will seate mee

*Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustie
armour, and a broken bill, the Herrald with
a penfull and colours.*

Sc vii

Raph. Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas good father thou art lame,
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,
Thy beard is gray thy armour rustie,
Thy bill I thinke be broken too

740

Porter. Friend make not thou so much adoo,
My lamenes comes by warre,
My armours rustines comes by peace,
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,
Lo this am I: now questioning cease.

Raph: And what are you? A Painter with your penfull and
your colours braue?

Her: No Painter but a Herrald firrha to decipher a Gentle-
man from a knaue.

750

Raph. Pray fir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one
man, and yee can fir, I pray you doo it in me

Her: Indeed I cannot in thy selfe,
For all is knaue that is in thee.

Raph Sing one two and three, sing after mee,
And so shall we right well agree

Soul: Sir take no heed what he doth say,
His foolish humor you doo see,
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.

Her: I am.

760

Soul: I should haue rather tooke you to haue beene,
Appelles prentise, you were with colours so prouided.

In

The Coblers Prophecie.

In auntient times haue Heralds beene esteemd,
And held companions for the greatest Kings
Augustus Cæsar made a law, so did Antonius too,
That without Herralds glaue aduice Princes shoulde noth ing
doo.

Her: VWell then was then, these times are as they be.
VVe now are faine to wait who growes to wealth,
And come to beare some office in a towne
And we for money help them vnto Armes,
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?

770

Sould A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs I intreate,
VWhere might we finde adored Mars

Her: From hence sir you to Venus Court must paffe,
Adowne the hill, the way is steepe, smooth, sleeke as any glasse
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis
Aske Nicenes for she best can tell where hir faire Lady is?
Both day and night the dores are ope,

The strongest closet dore is but of fethers made,
Rush boldly in, stand not to aske and neuer be afraide.

780

Soul. At Venus Court sir doe you say that Mars is to be found?

Por: Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our
harts it be a wound,

For searching as wee bid you sir,
No doubt a wondrous hap,
But you shall finde God Mars a sleepe,
On Lady Venus lap

This one thing more, you cannot come
The way you thither paffe:

790

Tis dangerous, the hills too steepe and flipperie all as glasse.
Take this of me, the fairest way from Venus Court is beggerie.
There are more waies, but they are worse and threaten more ex-
treamitie.

Her: I thats for such as thither paffe,
Of pleasure and of will:
But these for other purpofe goe,
Doubt therefore sir no ill.

The Coblers Prophecie

Soul: I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.

Ra: I and Ile end with a Prophecie for your good will:

800

You thinke it is a pleafant feift,
To tell the times of peace and ref特,
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
Into the hundreds fhall decline,
Then fhall they speake of a ſtrange time:
For it will be a woondrous thing,
To fee a Carter lodge with a King
Townes fhall be vnpopuled feene,
And markets made vpon the greene:
This will be as true I tell yee all,
As Coblers vſe the thred and nall
And ſo because that all men are but morter,
I leaue the paltrie Herrald and the Porter.

810

Soul: I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thankes I take
my leaue.

Her: Adiew good fit.

Por: Farewell vnto you both.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Contempt and Venus.

Sc. viii

Con: Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thine
beloude

820

Venus: Ah my Contempt it will be ſpide too ſoone,
So shall our pleafures haue a bitter end.
Prouide ſome place for I am big with childe,
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt eſpie.

Cont: Sweet Venus be affurde, I haue that caie
But you perchaunce will coylie ſcorne the place.

Venus: What iſt ſome Abbie or a Munnerie?

Con: No they abound with much hypocriſie.

Ven: Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers houſe?

Con: Too much refort would there bewray your being.

830

Venus.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Ve. Some Husbandmands, some Inne, some cleanly ale-house.

Con. Neither of these, a Spittle louely Loue.

Ven. What where foule Lazers and loathed Lepors lie,
Their stinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe.

Cont. Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,
What thinke ye as the Prouerb goes that beggers haue no lice?
Procters them selues in euerie Spittle house,
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

Ven. But I haue seene euen verie meane mens wiues,
Against their child-birth so prouide for,
As all their husbands wealth was scarce the worth
Of the fine linnin vfed in that month
And shall not Venus be as kindelie vfe

840

Con. It must be as we may, Ile goe prouided
And spie my time flylie to steale thee hence.

Exit.

Venus. Awaie for Mars is come,

Enter Mars.

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?

Mars: Walking about th garden time for to beguile
VVheras between nisenes your maide & newfangle your man, 850
I heard such sport as for your part, would you had bin there than.
Quoth nicenes to new fangle thou art such a lacke,
That thou deuiseft fortie fashions for my Ladies backe
And thou quoth he art so posseft with euerie fantike toy,
That following of my Ladies humor thou doft make hir coy,
For once a day for fashion sake my Lady must be sicke,
No meat but mutton or at most the pinion of a chicke,
To day hir owne haire best becomes which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.

To day in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to walke she wilbe bold. 860
To morrow cuffes and countenance for feare of catching cold.
Now is shee barefast to be seene, straight on hir muffler goes,
Now is shee hufft vp to the crowne, straight nusled to the nose.
These seuen yeares trust me better sport I heard not to my mind.
The Dialogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.

Venus: And thou haft found hir all alone, half sickly by ill hap

The Coblers Propheſie.

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,
I see my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee.

Mars: And so they haue.

Venus They are too Idle: soft Mars doe you fee, 870

Mars: I see ſome fawcie mates preſſe in: Nowe firs what would you haue?

Sat Be not offendēd fir, we ſeeke God Mars.

Mars. VVhy and Mars haue you found fir, whatſ your will with him?

~~*Raph*~~ Are you he I cry you mercie, I promise you I tooke you for a morris dauncer you are ſo trim.

Mars: VVhat fayes the villainie?

Sa If thou be Mars, the cauſe which makes me doubt, is that I ſee thy bodie lapt in ſoft filke which was wont to bee clad in hard 880 ſteele, and thy head ſo childiſhlie laid on a womans lap Pardon I humbly beſeech thee, the plainnes of thy poore feruant, and vouchſafe to read my poore petition.

*He deliuers the petition, Mars takes and reads it, meane
while Venus ſpeakes*

Venus. Rough ſhaped ſouldier enemie to loue,
VVhy doſt thou thirſt ſo much for bloody warre,
wherein the ſtrong man by a ſtronger queld,
Or reaſt far off by daſtard darters arme,
Breatheſt forth his ſpirite with a booteles cry, 890
Leauing behinde his earths anatomiſe:
By warre the Infant trampled vnder ſteeds,
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,
And ſhe is rauifh't while hir yongling bleeds
Yet to abide deaths ſtroake doth quaking ſtand.
The twice forſt virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiecteſt at the mercie of the woolfe,
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,
That will not kill hir while hir beautie ſtayeth,
But ſtab her when her teares her faire decayeth: 900
Away thou bloody man, vex not my Lord,
By warre true loue is hindred and vndone,

And

The Coblers Prophecie

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
whose heads did beautifie their tender knees.

Raph. You need not plaine your laps full inough :

Sould. Faire Venus be propitious I will fight
To maintaine true loue and defend the right,

Venus On that condition souldier I am won,
Receauue this fauour, Mars let it be done

Mars. Sateros, I haue receiued thy supplication, and sorrow 910
I cannot as I would giue thee immediat comfort. If I shoule
oppose my selfe against the Gods, they would soone set fire on
my seat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three impriso-
ned, and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wan-
tonnes, in prison, are warre wreake and woe, their keeper is won-
der; who once giuing way to libertie for those he holds, shall set
thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the
Duke of Boëtia, commend vs to him, when he can he will im-
ploy thee I am sure, let that be thy answere for this time, and so
good Sateros be contented

920

Sat. I humbly take my leauue adored Mars,
Proue a good night Rauen Venus I intreat

Venus. Farewell pore souldier weare that for my sake.

Sa. Of both your Godheads dutious leauue I take

Venus. And when goe you fir?

Rabb. VVho I? Good Lord there hangs a matter by.

Mars. why what are you? get gone or I will fend thee gone.

Raph. I pray you beare a while, gentle master mine,
And you shall heare my in speech I warrant?

Venus. Goe too sir foole, lets heare what you can say.

Raph. And shall I warrant yee to your cost my Lady do-little.

930

Mars though thou be a Coccoe of the game,
that wontst to croe by day,
And with thy sharpned spurres
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay:
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fetheres gay:

The Coblers Propheſie.

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
Shall ſilie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
Shall carie her away
And ſhe by him ſhall hatch a Chicke,
This Country to decay.
And for this pretie Pullets name
Thou ſhalt the better learne.
When thou ſhalt onelie letters ſiue
Within one name diſcerne,
Three vowels and two conſonants,
Whiſch vovvels iſ thou ſcan,
Doth ſound that whiſch to euerie place
Conduicteſt euerie man.
Then call to minde this Propheſie,
For thatſ the baſtards name
Then rouse thy ſelfe, then reach thy ſword,
And wiſt thy woned fame.*

940

950

Now haue I done the taske for which I came,
And ſo farewell fine Maſter and nice Dame Exit.

Mars rises in a rage, Venus offers to ſtaiſe him.

Mars. A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,
And fill the world with bloodſhed and with rage.

960

Venus. My Lord, my Loue.

Mars. Venus I am abuſde

Venus. VVhy will yee truſt a foole when he ſhall ſpeake,
And take his words to be as Oracles?

Mars. But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.

Venus. Aye mee!

Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
And nere let Lady truſt a ſouldier.

Make as iſ ſhee ſwounds.

970

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

Mars. VVhy faintſt thou Venus? why art thou diſtreſt?
Looke vp my loue, ſpeake Venus, ſpeake to me.

Venus. Nay let me die, fith Mars hath wronged me.

Mars. Thou haſt not wrongd me, Mars beleeues it not.

Venus. Yes, yes, base Coblers vtter Oracles,
And al are foorth faſt words againſt pore Loue,

Mars. I will beleeue no words, they are all falſe:
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.

Venus. Now comes your loue too late, firſt haue you flaine^e 980
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.

Mars. I will doe penance on my knees to thee,
And beg a kiffe, that haue bin fo vnkinde,

Venus. And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?

Mars. I know it doth? ſweet forgiue my fault:

Venus. I will forgiue ye now ye beg fo hard,
But truſt me next time Ile not be intreated.

Ma. Now haſt thou cheard my drooping thoughts ſweet loue,
Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,
Sing one ſweet ſong, thy voice will rauiſh me.

Venus. Follie come forth.

990

Enter Follie.

Follie. Anone forſooth

Venus. Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the reſt bring
forth their Muſicke Mars intends to ſleepe.

Follie. I will forſooth

Exit Follie.

Mars. I thinke in deede that I ſhall quickly ſleepe,
Eſpecially with Muſicke and with ſong

*Enter Follie with a Fife, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and
Iealozie with Iuſtrumentes, they play vvhile Venus ſingſ.*

1000

*Sweet are the thoughts that harbor full content,
Delightfull be the wyes that knowe no care:*

*The ſleeps are ſound that are from dreames exempt,
Yet in cheefe ſweetes lies hid a ſecret ſnare,*

E

Where

The Coblers Prophecie.
Where louie is wacht by prying zealous eyes,
It fits the loued to be warie wife

Follie Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a sleepe.

Enter Contemp:, and kiffe Venus

Sing: S'eepe on secure, let care not tuch thy bart,
Leue to loue hir, that longs to liue in change,
So wantons deale, when they their fares impart
Rome shou abroad for I intend to range:

1010

Yet wantons learne to guide your rouling eies,
As no suspect by gazing may arise.

Venus: Hold on your Musicke, Follie leue thy play,
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,
And mocke God Mars vnto his sleepie face

Con. Venus agreed, play vs a Galliard.

1020

Musicke plaies, they daunce, and leap ouer Mars, and making
hornes at euerie turne, at length leue him.

Mars: Why sings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine eare.

Follie holds still the Fife.

Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.

Follie places againe

What still so nere my eare, sweet Venus sing.
Sing: where is she?

Out foole, what doos my head vpon thy knee?

1030

Follie. Forsooth my Mistris bid me.

Mars. Wheres Venus, speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,
And neuer speake againe except I see hir:

Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone. *Exeunt duo.*
Or perrish flaues, before my angrie wrath.

Follie: Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.

Mars. Away yee foole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

The Coblers Prophecie

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie

Exit Follie.

Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.

1040

New: My Lord we cannot finde hir any where
Mars. Hence villaines, feeke the garden, search each place,
Mars will not suffer such abhord disgrace.

Enter Follie.

Wheres Venus Follie, prethee tell me foole?

Follie: Forsooth shees lun away wid a man called Contempt.

Mars: What hath Contempt rob'd mightie Mars of loue?
Hence fooles and flatterers, flie you from my fight.

Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,
Away yee hel hounds, Ministers of shame,
Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

1050

All runne away.

Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open warre
Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,
Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,
You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,
The plague of mankinde, and the wrath of heauen,
The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,
By you the peopled townes are deserts made:
The deserts fild with horror and distres.

1060

You laugh Hienalike, weepe as the Crocodile,
One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,
Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,
The trumpets clang and roaring noife of Drums,
Shall drown the echoes of your weeping cries,
And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes.
These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,
Will Mars leaue off, and fute him selfe in steele,
And strumpet Venus with that vile Contempt.

The Coblers Prophecie.

I will pursuē vnto the depth of hell.

1070

Away with pittie, welcome Ire and Rage,

VVhich nought but Venus ruine shall affwage.

Exit.

Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler, and Raph Cobler,

Sc. viii.

Duke Well doe I like your reaſoning Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,
The learned is preferrede, the fouldier shall not want,
But Sateros, yee must forbeare a while,
I cannot yet employ ye as I would:
Meane time attend the Court you shall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content.

1080

Sat. Thankes to your highnes

Duke Scholler lead him in
Be kinde to him he is a fouldier.
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,
VVe must haue pleafant warre anon with beaſts

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler.

Raph: VVhen will these fellowes make an end.
Duk. Depart my frends, I haue a little busines
VVith this pore man thatdoth attend toſpeakewith me

Exeunt Scholler and Sateros.

1090

Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

Raph: You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I wiſh yee vnderſtand;
That Princes giue to many bred
VWhich wiſh them ſhorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier Emnius namde,
whofe flattering tongue hath many blamde.
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to feele.

And

The Coblers Prophesie.

And quaintly romes your person nie,
willing to see it fall and die

1100

You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loueth her and she loues him
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
So are his secret treafons hid :
He dares not once his paffions moue,
For feare your highnes should reprove.
Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he desires so faire and cleare :
He coueteth your dignitie,
And therefore this intendeth hee.
To day you meane to hunt in wood,
And for he doth pretend no good :
He hath with shot intended ill,
And meanes your noble Grace to kill :
I that desire for to explaine,
The manner of your Graces paine
Giue counsell ere the deed be done,
That you may al deceiuing shun :
I see that Emnius commeth nie,
My protestation quickly trie
And if you finde as I haue faide,
That you should be by him betraide :
Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,
You warning of this mischiefe gaue,
So leaue I you to search the slauue.

1110

1120

Exit

Enter Emnius the Courtier.

Emnius: My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes sport :
And I am sent from other of estate.

To pray your Grace to haft your wonted presence.

1130

Duke: Emnius they must attend a while,
For I haue secrets to impart with thee :

The Coblers Propheſie.

Emnius. Say on my Honorable Lord to me
Duke. Thou knowſt we muſt vnto the wood.

Emnius. True my moſt Gratious Lord.

Duke. Suppose there were a traitorous foe of mine,
What wouldſt thou doe to rid me from my feare?

Emnius. Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,
Before he ſhould one thought of comfort haue.

Duk. But tell me Emnius, didſt thou ſee a tree,
That bore faire fruite delighting to the eye,
And by the ſtraightnes of the trunke they grow too hie.
wouldſt thou oppoſe thy ſelfe againſt the tree,
And worke the downefall ere the fall ſhould be.

Emnius. I would regard no hight to claime the fruite
That ſhould content me, but attempt to clime
The highest top of hight, or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will

Duke. I am right ioyous you are ſo refolude,
Such Courtiers ſhould become a nobIe Prince.
But tell me Emnius had I any foe,
That ſecretly attempted my diſtreſſe,
what ſecret weapon haue yee to preuent?

Emnius. Onely my ſword my Lord, that is my reſt,
My reſolution to defend your Grace.

Duke. And haue you not a Dag to help me too.

Emnius. A Dag my Lord?

Duk. I man denie it not,
I know ye haue a Dag prepaſe for mee.

Emn. I haue a Dag not for your Maieftie.

The Duke takes it from him.

Du. Yes Emnius poure thy ſelfe into thy ſelfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes.
wearſt thou this Dag to iniure any beaſt?
Bearſt thou theſe bulleſt for a foemans life?
Or art thou bent againſt thy loyall Lord,
To reaue his life that giues thee life and breath?

Em. Gainſt beaſts my Lord doth Emnius like to deale,
He is not ſo beaſtlie and abhominate,

1140

1150

1160

1170

As

The Coblers Prophecie.

As he delights to ioy in trecherie,

Du. So smiles Hiena, when she will beguile,
And so with teares deceiues the Crocodile

Are not these tooles prepared for my end?

Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?

Haue I for this maintained thy estate,

Affoarded all the fauours I could yeeld,

To be rewarded with ingratitude,

with murder, trecherie, and these attempts?

And all in hope to win my realme and childe.

I will not shew thy finne vnto the world,

But as thou didst intend, so shalt thou fall

Emnius kneeles downe.

Receiue thy death, desertfull man of death,

And perrish all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

Em. welcome my death, desertfull I confesse,
Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes blesse.

The Duke raiſes him vp.

Du. Heauens pardon thy intent, and so doe I,

Be true hereafter, now thou shalt not die

1180

Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore,

Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

Exit.

Em. O that fame Cobling Rogue that rauing runs,

And madding aimes at euerie hid intent,

Reueald this practise, but Ile stab the flauue,

And he once dead the Dukes death will I haue.

Exit.

*Enter Mercurie vwith a Trumpet sounding, and two of Venus &c
vvaiting maides, the one named Ru, the other Ina, Ina bearing a
Child.*

1200

Mer. Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus alias
lufi, hath long challenged a preheminence in heauen, and been
adored with the name of a Goddesse, the Sinode of the Gods
being assembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, discou-
red

The Coblers Prophecie.

red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they hoth were taken in an yron net: wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparent; and since that, many other escapes confidered. But lastly and most especially, her publike adulterie she hath committed with that base monster Contempt they haue all consented, and to this decree firmed; that no more shall Venus posseſſe the title of a 1210 Goddeſſe, but be vtterly excluded the compasse of heauen: and it shalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus any other title than the detested name of lust, or strumpet Venus: And whosoeuer shall adore Contempt or intertwaine him, shalbe reputed an enemie to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre shalbe rayfed against Boētia, and victorie shall not fall on their fide, till the Cabbin of Contempt be consumde with fire. Giuen at Olimpus by Iupiter and the celeſtiall Synode.

Ru. Ill tidings for my Lady theſe

Ina: Ill newes pore babe for thee.

1220

Mer. VVhat who are theſe?

I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

Ru. Faith ſhe is a pure virgin indeed,
For the childe ſhe had by Venus chap'lin,
Is a big boy and followes the Father.

Ina. And ſo are you a maide too, are ye not?
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,
Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother.

Mer. Then I perceiue ye be both maides for the moſt part.

Ru. well for our maidenheads it ſkill not much.

1230

For in the world I know are many ſuch.

Ina. I Mercurie I pray let that goe,
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but fo.
And in our Ladies cauſe we doe intreate
To know, if that be true thou didſt proclaime?
Or was it ſpoken but of pollicie,
To fright vs whome thou knewſt to be her maides.

Mer. As true as neither of you both are maides
So true it is, that I haue vttered.
The ſentence is ſet downe, Venus exilde,

1240

And

• *The Coblers Propheſie.* •

Ina. Ay me poore babe for thee
Mer. Whosē child is that you beare so tenderly ?
Ru. My Ladies child, begotten by contempt
Mer. O is it so, and whether beare you it ?

Ina. To nurse

Mer. To whom ?

Ru. Vnto securitie

Mer. Is it a boy or girle, I pracie ye tell ?

Ina. A girle it is

Mer. Who were the godmothers ?

1250

Ru. We two are they.

Mer. Your names I craue

Ru. Mine Ru and hers is Ina

Mer. And whether name I pracie yee beares the girle ?

Ina. Both hers and mine

Mer. And who is godfather ?

Ru. Ingratitude that is likewise the grandfather.

Mer. Ruina otherwife called Ruine the child,
Contempt the father, Venus alias lust the mother,
Ru and Ina the godmothers,

1260

Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,

And Securitie the nurse,

Heeres a brood that all Boetia shall curse.

Well damfels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh
Will treade your yong one vnder foot

Ina. Tis Mars, O let vs flie.

Exeunt.

Enter Mars in Armor.

Mar. Now Mars thou feimest lyke thy selfe,
Thy womens weeds cast off,
Which made thee be in heauen a scorne,
On earth a common scoffe.

1270

Mars. O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,
That blazest forth this strumpets iust reproofe ?
O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

F

I would

The Coblers Prophesie.

I would reuenge me of indignities :
Now Mercurie, I minde a prophesie
A simple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantonning vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke should tread my hen,
And she should hatch a chicke this countrie to decay, 1280
The bastards name he tolde me too,
But it was riddle-wife,
Helpe me to search it Mercurie,
I know thee quicke and wife,
When I should onely in a word
Fiuе letters iust discerne
Three vowels and two consonants,
The name I soone should learne :
But those same vowels hee dyd bid,
That I should duly scan, 1290
And they would signifie the way
That guideth every man.
Hast thou not heard of such a thing ?

Mer: Yes, and dyd send that prophesie,
And euen as thou cameſt hether
The bastard and the godmothers
Were in this place together.

Mar: Were they in deed, where are they now ?
Ile ſearch, Ile follow them.

Mer: Be patient Mars, they will be quickly found, 1300
Ruma is the bastards name R. N. the consonants,
V, I and A the vowels be, and *Via* is the waye.

Mars: Now haue I found it Mercury, thou haſt refolud me
I wyll raiſe warre, I will aduenged bee,
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge ſhalt ſee.

Mer: I will go and do my beſt for thee. *Eueunt.*

Enter the Duke, Scholler, Cobler.

Sc. x

Raph: Tis true ô Duke, that I do ſay,

He

1
The Coblers Prophecie.

He still would make thy lyfe away,
He is too frolike and too lustie,
Thou too simple and too trustie,
Warres shall in thy lande begin,
For pride, contempt, and other sin,
Nothing shall appease heauens ire,
Til the cabin of Contēpt be set on fire
And wantonnes with lewd desire,
Be trampled vnder foot as mire,
The Cobler has no more to say,
But for the peoples finnes, good princes oft are tane away

1310

Du. Well, Godamercie fellow, go thou in *Ex. Raph* 1320

Sch. He raues my Lord, its ill aduisd of you
To suffer him so neere your princely excellence.

Du. His presence breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, mur-
ther, Raph comes running out,
Ennius after him with his dagger
drawen, after Ennius Zelota the
Coblers wife, who snatches the
dagger from Ennius, and runs ra-
uing.

1330

Ze. What Raph, Raph, so fine you wil not know your wife
What a gilden fword and a siluer knife?
There, there Raph, put it vp.

She stabs Ennius, and he fals dead.

Why so? She stands againe sodainly amazde.
What so? Why where am I?

Raph. Faith where ye ha made a fayre peece of worke.

Du. Lay holde on them, what violence is this,
To haue one murdred euen before our presence?

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sch. What cause hadst thou to kill this Gentleman? 1340

Zel. None in the world, I neuer knew him I

Raph. No faith shees mad, & has beene euer since I was a prophet, and cause she fawe a dagger without a sheath, she euen put it vp in his belly.

Du. Why what acquaintance hast thou with this woman?

Raph. O Lord sir, she has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine eares, with every part of me, why tis my wife.

Sch. The lykelyer may it like your grace of his consent, Twere good they both did suffer punishment. 1350

Du. Commit them both, but she has long bin mad, It may be heauen referud her to this end

Sch. Come firra you and your wife must goe to ward, Till you be tride for cleerenes or consent

Raph. O fir, whether you will I am content, God Merkedy has serud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and sayd shee should not be well, Till by her hand a traitor fell, And I must euen be handg for companie

Exeunt with the Cobler and his wife 1360

some beare out Ennius bodie.

Du. I doe not gesse the woman guiltie of this crime, But the iust heauens in theyr feueritie, Haue wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie

Enter Scholler and Messenger.

Sch. Here is a messenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet state.

Du. What are theyfelow, let vs heare theſpeak. Spare not

Meff. The Arguies and the men of Theſſaly, With mightie powers are come vpon your coaſt, They burne, waſt, ſpoyle, kill, murther, make no ſpare, Of feeble age, or harmleſſe infant youth, They vow to triumph in Bocetia, And make your Highnes vaffall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The Coblers Propheſie.

The people fall before them as the flowring graſſe
The mower with his fyth cuts in the meade,
Helpd your poore people, and defend your ſtate,
Elſe you, they, it, will ſoone be ruinate

Du. I will prouide as farre as heauenly powers,
And our abilities ſhall giue conſents;
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To muſter vp the people with all ſpeed, *Exit Duke.*

1380

Sch. Now ſee I that this ſimple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,
The Gods when we refufe the common meanes
Sent by their oracles and learned priеſts,
Raife vp ſome man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breath the purenes of theyr ſpirits,
And make him bolde to ſpeake and propheſie.

1390

Enter Sateros the ſouldier.

Welcome friend Sateros, you are fitly come,
The Duke intends that you ſhall leade to field
The powers of Boētia againſt his foes,
Are you prepard, and willingly reſolud?

Sat. Why you ſir by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing but *Fac ſimile.*

Sch. Souldier, ſtand not on that, diſcharge your duetie,
The countrie needs our ſeruice and our counſell,
Ile doo my beſt, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Boētias honor.

1400

Sat. Well I forget your ſcornes giuen me in peace,
And rate all enuie at an humble price,
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,
Armes will not Art, Art ſhould not armes reiect.

Sch. A bleſſed concord, I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre.

The Coblers Propheſie.

Enter haſtily the Countrie Gentleman.

Count: O fir, I haue bin ſeeking ye all day, 1410
And greatly do I praife my fortune thus to meete yee.

Sat: In good time fir, be briefe I pray.

Count: You do remember me I hope.

Sat: Not verie well I promise ye

Count: Lord fir, and you bee aduifde, I was one of them
that reaſoned before contempt, when you defended war,
another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

Sat: I remember in deede ſuch a reaſoning, before that
vile monster Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

Count: O Lord fir yes, by that token we went afterward 1420
to the Ordinarie.

Sat: True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was
not able to reache commons, and ſo was caſhierd out of
your compagnie

Count: Twas againſt my will Ifaith: ye ſawe I was ano-
ther mans gueſt.

Sat: Its no great matter. But whatſ your buſines wyth
me now, that you ſeeke for me ſo haſtily?

Count: Marie fir there is warres toward, do ye not heare
on it? 1430

Sat: Thats to too ſure.

Count: And I feare by reaſon of my wealth I ſhall bee
choſen for a Captaine ouer ſome Companies.

Sat: And what of that?

Count: Why I haue no ſkill, and therefore woulde hyre
you to ſerue in my place. Ile please ye well

Sat: The Duke wantes men fir, and therefore muſt yee
ſerue your ſelfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-
ting your person. You offer me moneie, why man Ile deale
kindly with ye, ye ſhal haue ſome of me, here take it, be not 1440
nice. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horſe and furni-
ture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the buſi-
nes askeſ ſpeed.

Count: Bu

The Coblers Propheſie.

Count. But I hope ye will not deale fo with me?

Sat. But I am ſure I will, therefore dispatch on perill of your life

Count. Why what alife is this, that ſuch as I muſt ſerue?
A shame on warres for me that ere they were. *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other prisoners with weapons

Sat. Why now fellowes, what are you?

1450

Raph. What ſouldier, do not you know me?

Sat. Yes Raph, but what are theſe?

Raph. Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin inued vp, & now the exclamation goes we ſhal haue wars, we are all ſet at libertie, and ſent to you to be trailld vp.

Sat. Why wert in prison?

Raph. I faith I prophesied fo long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer thatſ flatte, after I haue done beeing a ſouldier, Ile to cobling a- 1460 gaine.

Sat. So doeft thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in

Prf. Faith fir for nothing but riding another mans horſe.

Sat. That was but a ſmall matter.

Raph. A thing of nothing, for when he had ſtollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Prf. Faith thatſ eu'en the truth on it.

Sat. I thinke you all haue bin of ſuch condition, But now betake you to another course, 1470 The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie, Where otherwife your deeds deserued death, If now you doo offend vnder my charge, Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe, Death on the next tree without all remiſſion, And if ye like not this I will returne yee

From

The Coblers Propheſie.

From whence ye came to bide the doome of law,
Speake, will ye liue and ferue as true men ſhould?

All. I, I, I.

Raph. I am ſure ye take me for none of theyr uumber. 1480

Sat. No Raph, thou ſhalt be ſtill with mee,
I haue an hoaſt of worthie ſouldiers
Readie to march, to them now will I goe,
Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.

Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Contempt, Venus following him, bee pushing her from Sc. xi
him twice or thrice.*

Cont; A waie thou ſtrumpet, ſcandall of the world,
Cause of my ſorrow, author of thy shame,
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt,
In vncouth places loathed of the light,
Fit ſhroude to hide thy luſtfull bodie in,
Whose faire's diſtained with foule adulterous fin. 1490

Ven. Ah my Content, proue not ſo much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
To defart to the dens of furious beaſts,
I will deſcend with thee vnto the graue,
Looke on me loue let me ſome comfort haue.

Contempt ſtill turns from Venus. 1500

What not a word to comfort me in wo?
No looke to giue my dying heart ſome life?
Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but ſcornes, diſdaines?
Woe to my pleaſures that haue brought theſe paines.
Haue I for this ſet light the God of warre,
Againſt whose frownes nor death nor heauen can ſtande,
Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods
To make me exile from all bleſſednes.
Haue I for this loſt honor and renowme,
Become a ſcandall to the vulgar world, 1510

The Coblers Prophecie

And thus to be repaide? Ah breake my hart,
Had all these euils falne vpon my head,
And millions of more harmes than heauen could heap,
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content,
Rewarded me thus vilie with Contempt.

Con. Shape of collusion, mirroure of deceit,
Faire forme with foule deformities defilde
Know that I am Contempt in nature scornefull,
Foe to thy good, and fatall to thy life:
That while I ioyde in glorie and account,
Disdaine all vertue, and contemnd all vice.
Good, bad, were held with me of equall price.
And now the waning of my greatnesse comes,
Occasionald by thy loue, whome Mars aspected,
And I that all despisde am now reiecte
For which I thee reiect, disdaine and hate,
VVishing thee die a death disconfolate

1520

Venus. Yet once regard me as a thing regardles,
Thou art the abiects wretch aliue esteemed,
I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:
I scornd, thou hated, each like other beeing,
Liue we together void of other being.

1530

Con. Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life,
Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the sea:
Leauie to folicite him that loathes thy lookes,
Spitting vpon thy faces painted pride
I will forfake thee, and in silence shrowd
This loathed trunke despised and abhord,

Exit.

She offers to follow, he drives her backe

Venus. So flies the murderer from the mangled lims,
Left limles on the ground by his fell hand.
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,
VWhich when his fell stomacke is of hunger stancht.
Thou murdrer, Tyger, gluttred with my faire,

1540

G

Leauist

The Coblers Propheſie.

Leauſt me forſaken, map of grieſe and care.
O what is beauty humbled to the base,
That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?
O what is fauor in an obſcure place?
Like vnto Pearles that for the ſwine are bought:

1550

Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,
Proues foule, deformd, and like a shadow glides.
Ah that my woe could other women warne,
To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life:
For me too late, for them fit time to learne,
The honour of a maid and conſtant wife,
One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,
The laſt like Lampes both earth and heauen lights.
But the foule horror of a harlots name,
Euen of the Lecher counted as a ſcorne:
VVhoſe forehead beares the marke of hatefull shame,
Of the luſt-louer hated and forlorne
O ſuch is Venus, ſo ſhall all ſuch bee
As vſe bafe luſt, and foule adulterie. *Exit.*

1560

*Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Priest, and Scholler: then
compaſſe the ſtage, from one part let a ſmoke arife.
at which place they all stay.* *Sc. vii*

Pri: Immortall mouer of this glorious frame,
That circles vs about with wonder great,
Receiue the offrings of our humble harts
And bodies proſtrate on the lowly earth.

1570

They all kneele downe.

Our finnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath,
And turnd our peace to miserie and warre:
But if repentant ſoules may purchase grace,
VVe craue it humbly, and intend to liue,
Hereafter more reformd than wee haue done
For pride, we entertaine humilitie:
For our presumption, due obedience:

Loue

The Coblers Propheſie.

Loue for Contempt, and chaſtitie for luſt:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our ſinnes are caſt, and there conſume.
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitiouſ to the penitent.

1580

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. Rife from the humble earth my Noble Lord,
Rife vp yee Priests, Princes, and people rife,
And heare the gladsome tidings I vnfold,
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all rife and caſt incenſe into the fire

Duke. For that ſweete voice offerd to vs by man,
Caſt ſweeteſt incenſe into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That wee may heare and honour heauenly Powers

1590

Meſſen. VVhen Sateros my Lord had brought your power,
In view of our presuming enemies:
And equall place was choſen for the field,
He ſent a Herrald, willing them reſtore,
The wrongs that in Boētia they had done,
And leauie the Countrey, turning to their home,
Or els reſolute on doubtfull chance of warre.

1600

They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an anſwere filled with diſdaine
Then was the ſignall giuen, and ſtremars red,
Menacing blood on either fide aduancde.

Drums, Fifes, and Trumpets drownd the cries of men,
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens ſwords
Mars there ſhowd ruthles rage on either part,
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke.

Duft diimd the funnes light, and the powders ſmoke,
Seemd like thicke Clowds in ayre congluminate

1610

Thus was ſeauen houres conſumde, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, ſometime with them abode:
Till at the length our Generall gaue charge
To ſound retreate, which made the hopefull Foe,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Pursue regardeſſe our retyring baſids,
That being knit together in firme ranke,
Afreſh purſue their ſtragling followers
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne,
Before the Cickle and the Reapers hand :
In briefe, ſome fled, moſt flaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Boeſtia

1620

Duke. To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For thy reward receiue this recompence :

The Duke giues him his upper garment.

Our felues will forward to ſalute our friends,
That fought for honour of Boeſtia.
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly,
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie.

Exeunt.

*Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead betweene Mars
and Mercurie, Raph Cobler and his wife following,
and other ſouldiers.*

Sc. viii

Mars. Thus Sateros haue we affiſted thee,
Our true ſworne ſouldier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Boeſtian Duke hath heauen appeaſde,
By firing falſe Contempt and loathed luſt
Mercurie the ſonne and meſſenger of Ioue
VVith me ſhall paſſe vnto my warlike houſe.
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,
That longs to ſee thee, and requite thy paine.

1632

Sat. To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duety

Raph. Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curse the time that he ere knew your company.

Mer. VVhat mine man?

Raph. I yours, what reaſon had you to make my wife mad?
I and ſo mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophet?

Mer. It was the ſecret iudgement of the Gods, Sateros ſpeak
to the Duke to thinke on him, and to remit hir fault.

Sateros

The Coblers Propheſie

Sat. It ſhall be done.

1650

Mars. Is this the Prophet?

Raph. I that it is, that told you your owne when twas.

Mars. Sateros vſe him well.

Raph. Nere doubt you that: are yee bemembred ſince ye told him, if ye ſet your ſelfe againſt the Gods they would drieue you out of heauen.

Mars. VVell what of that?

Raph. Faith at that time the world might well haue affoorded you a Cart to ride in.

Sat. Go too Raph, ceafe

Raph. I, I, and great folke doo amiffe,
Poore folke muſt hold their peace.

1660

Mer. Mars ſhall we hence?

Mars. I, farewell Sateros *Exeunt Mars and Mercurie*

Enter with honour the Duke and his traime

Duke. VVelcome braue ſouldier, welcome to you all,
Ioy ſtops my words, I cannot ſpeake my minde,
But in this triumph paſſe we to the Court,
VVhere you muſt all receiue your due deſerts.

Sat. Thanks Noble Lord.

Raph. VVhat ſhall I doo then, and my wife?

1670

Duke. I will prouide for thee, and pardon her.

Raph. Faith then farewell the Court;

For now Ile not run and ride, nor no more abide,
But ſince my mad wife, has changde her mad life,
Ile euen leaue to be a Prophet ſpeaker,
Take clouting leather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the
gentle craft the Cobler

Zelot. I Raph that will be fitteſt for vs

Duke. Come Sateros let me yet honour thee,
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie,
And tooke in worth our worthles ſacrifice,
VVherein Contempt and Lust with old ingratitude,

1680

The Coblers Propheſie

Haue perished like Fume that flies from fire
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,
Thy deedes shall be rewarded worthily :
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,
Counſell preuents, counſell preuailes in warre

Sat. My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,
VVhen ſouldiers faile good Letters to defend

1690

Sth. Let euery Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and ſo will reſt.

Raph. I ſo liue, and yee are bleſt.
How faift thou Zelote is not that life beſt.

Duke. Then with due praife to heauen let vs depart,
Our State ſupported both by Armes and Art.

Exeunt.

Fortuna Crudelis.

FINIS.

